

Social and Personal

The day of school and college dress is on its way out. Before we quite realize it May will be gone and June, with all its wealth of beauty and its quorum of fair young graduates, as well as of brides, will have arrived. No doubt the brides have the deeper interest for the day at large, and there is a subtle fascination about a wedding. But in their own eyes the graduates are far the more important, as they are the more numerous, and in their immediate worlds they fill a big place.

As a matter of course, costumes are important, and there is much stir in the sartorial world over muslins and tucks, fluffs and flounces.

As is commonly the case, gowns follow the general tendencies of prevailing fashions, and are distinctive only as they are made of simple stuffs and trimmed in gaily style. For the time wisdom and fashion are allied. No woman versed in social law would think of allowing her young daughter to make her exit from the school room in any but a simple gown. And wise mothers are ever careful that girls retain their youth as long as possible. Styles, therefore, are the prevailing ones, but materials and trimmings are simple in effect, whatever the actual labor involved.

Safe effects are those preferred before everything else, and such fabrics as mull and fine batiste or lawn are in every way smarter than anything else, while tucks, shirings, smocking and dainty embroidery are the preferred trimmings, with Valenciennes lace, if any be used.

It may be that the labor involved in the needlework is great and the cost in proportion, or all the sewing may be done by hand; or, again, the lawn may be of linen, so fine and sheer as to be far outworn by silk; but they remain simple in effect, nevertheless, and in no way detract from the truth of what I have written. Apparent cost, richness, all that means maturity, must be left for the brides. The fair young graduates must be simply crowned in what ever way love and affection may manage to enhance the actual value of her costume.

There is some tendency toward plainness effects to be noted, but to be successful such gowns require perfect skill. As a matter of fact, waist and skirt are separate, and are joined beneath a fold or cord shirring, or some similar device is employed, but whatever this may be, the lines of the figure must be retained, and few of the graduates are so good as those with either sashes or girdles, although French designers appear to like them greatly, and have sent over some that are really beautiful and tempting.

Some of the 1500 models are most fascinating in their quaintness and not a few are seen. One that I have in mind as peculiarly good, is made of mull and is entirely trimmed with the material save for the unlined yoke, which is of Valenciennes lace and fine tucking in alternate stripes. The skirt is of a narrow space at the front, gathered at the belt and arranged in two narrow tuck shirings at yoke depth. Trimming it are three double ruffles, set at a generous space apart, and the uppermost at a little above the knee depth, the skirt is to form double puffs and are put on in waved outlines.

The waist is full, with a deep girle that is draped closely about the body, but in soft folds, and is drawn down over the hips, into the skirt, and its yoke is finished with a deep cape-like bertha that is closely shirred at its edge and midway of its width, and is finished with full puffs, or what the French call bouffantes, that are most effective.

The sleeves are the dear old-time ones that form very full puffs, but extend only half way to the elbows, where they are finished with frills in angel style, and are to be met with long suede gloves. The whole effect is a delight, and the gown eminently appropriate as well as a distinct novel.

MAY MANTON.

Miss Katherine McIntire

Awarded Scholarship

Miss Katherine McIntire, the daughter of Mr. James D. McIntire, No. 507 Grace Street, has won a scholarship given for competitive work, drawing, in the Art Students' League, New York.

Miss McIntire is the second student from the Richmond Art Club to win such a scholarship, the prize last year having been taken by Miss Anne Dunlop, of this city.

Both Miss McIntire and Miss Dunlop have studied under Miss Josephine McCreary, their successful competitor, reflects great credit on their ability, that of their teacher and the standard of the Richmond school, where they have been trained. This standard is so excellent that it has brought the Art Club into most favorable notice, and has secured for its spring exhibits' work from the most famous of American artists.

Miss H. L. Taliaferro's

Masterpiece Hung

A very fine piece of art work done by Miss Harriette Lee Taliaferro, of Gloucester, who will direct classes at the Richmond Art Club next year, was hung yesterday in the Crowsfoot building, No. 11 West Main Street, where the spring exhibit of the club is now being held.

The picture is called "A Study in Black," and is painted by Miss Taliaferro while abroad under the patronage of the Paris salon and received the most favorable mention from French art critics. It is considered one of the gems in the exhibit collection, which merits and will be given a measure of commendation.

May Queen Festival.

In Bellevue Hall, at 8 o'clock, and in the same place, tomorrow at 4 P. M., a May Queen Festival will be given under the auspices of the Circle of Industry in Centenary M. E. Church.

Flowers and ferns in elaborate garlands and other designs will transform the hall into a fit setting for the brilliant scene to be enacted. The children, trained by Mrs. Annie Thaw Grimes, will group behind the throne in pyramid effect, and will be thrown into pretty relief by the lights turned on them.

The ladies interested will spare no pains to make the festival a great success, and the programme most enjoyable for all who attend.

Junior Hollywood Memorial.

The Junior Hollywood Memorial Association will hold its annual business meet-

No Dessert

More Attractive

Why use gelatine and spend hours making, sweetening, flavoring and coloring when

Jell-O

produces better results in two minutes? Everything in the package. Simply add water and set to cool. No trouble. A surprise to the housewife. No trouble. A surprise. Try it to-day. In Four Fruit Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry. At grocers, 10c.

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Gifts For the Graduate

Custom decrees that jewelry in some form or other, is the only expressive token of sentiment.

We have an artistic and dainty collection of gifts, appropriate to graduation, gifts of lasting and intrinsic worth—at prices which will attract.

Let us show you some of this season's novelties.

Schwarzschild Bros.

Corner Broad and Second Streets.

ing in Lee Camp Hall, at 5 P. M. to-day.

All members are asked to be present.

Silver Tea.

A silver tea and stock sale will be held at No. 307 East Franklin Street, to-day, from 5 to 11 P. M., for the benefit of Seventh Street Christian Church Missions. A cordial invitation is extended through the press to all who may attend and a pleasant time is promised.

Song Recital.

Under the auspices of the Faithful Circle of King's Daughters, Mrs. Charles Russell, leader, and for the benefit of the Sheltering Arms Hospital, a song recital will be given in the Woman's Club, at 5 o'clock, this afternoon, to which the public is cordially invited.

The names of the vocalists, who will appear on the programme, Mrs. Slater, of California, formerly Miss Bidgood, of Richmond; Mrs. George Warren, Miss Mariame Meade and Mrs. Hoen, will be their best endorsement.

Miss Robert Allen will play several selections on the violin, and Mr. John Powell, to the great pleasure of all concerned, will appear on the programme and close the recital with brilliant piano numbers. Mr. Powell is recently back from a second year spent abroad in study, with the world-renowned musician, Leschell, and shows astonishing development of powers which seemed at their highest before he went away.

The programme in full will be:

Violin—(a) Romance from Second Concerto (Wienowski); (b) Mazurka (Rehfeldt)—Miss Allen.

Song—(a) Selected (Alf Franz) (b) Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender (Ed Lassen) (c) Selected (Schumann)—Mrs. Warren.

Song—O, That We Two Were Maying (Neveus)—Mrs. Slater.

Piano Selections—Mr. John Powell.

Song—The Four Seasons (C. B. Hawley) (b) A Dying Rose (Louise Tunison); (c) The Song of the Heart (Louise Tunison)—Mrs. Slater.

Song—Ave Maria—with violin obligato (Gounod)—Mrs. Warren.

Song—The Four Seasons—with cello obbligato (Stobbins)—Mrs. Slater, Mrs. Hoen.

Piano Selections—Mr. John Powell.

Purchase Tickets.

All who intend accompanying the excursionists who will go to Williamsburg May 20th for the unveiling of the Burgess monument, under the auspices of the Huguenot Society, are advised to purchase their tickets so that the ladies

may be able to find them.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Of Maurice Gordon's past Meredith knew nothing beyond the fact that they were school-fellows strangely brought together again on the deck of a coasting steamer. Maurice Gordon was not a reserved person, and it was rather from a lack of opportunity than from an excess of caution that he allowed his new-found friend to come up to the house, knowing so little of himself—Maurice Gordon, of Loango.

There were plenty of willing guides and porters on the beach; for in this part of Africa there is no such thing as a solitary, untraveled man. The entire population consider the lilies of the fields to be obvious.

Joseph presently organized a considerable portion of this population into a procession, headed triumphantly by an old white-headed negro whose son, Maurice Gordon's boots. This man Joseph selected—not without one or two jokes of a somewhat personal nature—as a fitting guide to the Gordon's house. As they neared the little settlement on the outskirts of the black town, where the mission and other European residences are situated, the veteran guide sent on couriers to announce the arrival of the great gentleman, who had for body-servant the father of his son.

On finally reaching the bungalow, Meredith was pleasantly surprised. It was pretty and homelike—surrounded by a garden wherein grew a strange profusion of homely English vegetables and tropical fruits.

Joseph happened to be in front, and as he neared the veranda, he suddenly stopped at the salute; moreover, he began to wonder in which trunk he had packed his masters' dress-clothes.

An English lady was coming out of the drawing-room window to meet the travelers—a lady whose presence diffused that sense of refinement and peace into the atmosphere which has done so much towards the expansion of our piece-meal empire as ever did the stromk right arm of Thomas Atkins. It is because—sooner or later—these ladies come with us that we have learned to mingle peace with war—to make friends of whilom enemies.

She nodded in answer to the servant's salutation, and passed on to greet the master.

"My brother has been called away suddenly," she said. "One of his sub-agents has been getting into trouble with the natives. Of course you are Mr. Meredith."

"I am," replied Jack, taking the hand she held out. It was a small white hand, small without being frail or diaphanous. "And you are Miss Gordon, I suppose?"

"I am sorry Gordon is away, but no doubt we shall be able to find somewhere to put up."

"You need not do that," she said, quietly. "This is Africa, you know. You can quite well stay with us, although Maurice is away until to-morrow."

"Sure?" he asked.

"Quite," she answered.

She was tall and fair, with a certain

stateliness of carriage which harmonized wonderfully with a thoughtful and pale face. She was not exactly pretty, but gracious and womanly, with honest blue eyes that looked on men and women alike. She was probably twenty-eight years of age; her manner was that of a woman rather than that of a girl—of one who was in life and not on the outskirts.

"I rather pride myself," she said, leading the way into the drawing-room, "upon having the best house in Loango. You will, I think, be more comfortable here than anywhere."

She turned and looked at him with a slow, grave smile. She was noting that, of the men who had been in this drawing-room, none had seemed so entirely at his ease as this one.

"I must ask you to believe that I was thinking of your comfort and not of my own."

"Yes, I know you were," she answered. "Our circle is rather limited, as you will find, and very few of the neighbors have time to think of their houses. As they are missionaries, and they are so busy, they have a large field, you see."

"Very—and a weedy one, I should think."

He was looking round, noting with well-trained glance the thousand little indelible touches that make a charming room. He knew his ground. He knew the date and the meaning of every little ornament—the title and the writer of each book—the very material with which the chairs were covered; and he knew that all was good—all arranged with that art which is the difference between ignorance and knowledge.

"I see you have all the new books."

"Yes, we have books and magazines; but, of course, we live quite out of the world."

She paused, leaving the conversation with him as in the hands of one who knows his business.

"I," he said, filling up the pause, "have hitherto lived in the world—right in it. There is a lot of dust and commotion; the dust gets into people's eyes and blinds them; the commotion wears them out; and, perhaps, after all, Loango is better."

He spoke with the easy independence of the man of the world, accustomed to feel his way in strange places—not heeding what opinion he might raise—what criticism he might have. He was glancing round him all the while, noting things, and wondering for whose benefit this pretty room had been evolved in the heart of savage country. Perhaps she had assimilated erroneous notions of a woman-kind in the world of which he spoke; perhaps he had never met any of those women whose natural refinement urges them to surround themselves, even in solitude, with pretty things, and prompts them to dress as neatly and becomingly as their circumstances allow for the education of no man.

"I never abuse Loango," she answered; such abuse is apt to recoil. To call a place dull is often a confession of dullness.

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POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 188.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 7, 1784, and died in London October 30, 1842. In youth he was a stonemason. He went to London in 1810, and soon began to write for the newspapers. For 27 years he was engaged in the studio of the celebrated sculptor Chantrey. Besides his songs and tales he wrote "Lives of British Sculptors, Painters and Architects."



A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high:
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free:
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

In charge of arrangements may make comfortable provision for all who go. For the convenience of purchasers, tickets have been placed at the Rosemary Library.

Personal Mention.

Mr. James H. Gilmore, of Marion, former professor of law at the University of Virginia, is in the city.

He is the guest of Colonel Richardson, register of the land office, and will be at his home, No. 1312 Floyd Avenue, during the sessions of the Episcopal council, now meeting at St. James Church.

Mrs. Fred S. Valentine is at the "Athol," Catonsville, Md.

Mr. George A. Barksdale has gone to Greensboro, Va., for the summer.

Mrs. N. M. Sibert has returned from a visit of several weeks to her daughter in Randleman, N. C.

Mrs. John Bell Bigger is spending some

time with her daughter, Mrs. Fred H. Wyatt, of Baltimore.

Mr. Gayle Anderson left on Wednesday to take up his new work with a large business firm of Portsmouth, Ohio. His friends here were sincerely sorry to bid him good-bye, and he took with him many kind wishes for his future success.

Miss Mattie Tilden spent Monday and Tuesday in Richmond, returning to her home in Powhatan Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Bryan is visiting Mrs. Judge Gratton in Harrisonburg, Va.

Y. M. C. A. Amateur Acrobats.

At the great Gymnasium Carnival at the Casino May 28th the acrobatic specialties will be very fine. Messrs. Rutherford, Lawrence and Bagby have been practicing especially for this performance, and are doing exceptionally fine work. Tumbling is a favorite feature of the program of this sort, and the exhibition by these three gentlemen is sure to be entertaining.

The programme will start promptly at 8:30.

natural manner, as if desirous of filling up time. He had spent the latter year of his life in doing nothing else. The man's method was so different to what Jocelyn Gordon had met with in Loango, where men were all in deadly earnest, pursuing souls or wealth, that it struck her forcibly, and she remembered it long after Meredith had forgotten its use.

"I have no idea," she continued, "how to place strikes the passing traveler; but I am afraid there is nothing to be usually passed by on the other side; arouse the smallest interest."

"But, Miss Gordon, I am not the passing traveler."

"I looked up with a sudden interest. 'Indeed! I understood from Maurice that you were travelling down the coast, without any particular object.'"

"I have an object—estimable, if not quite original."

"Yes."

"I want to make some money. I have never made any yet, so there is a certain novelty in the thought which is pleasant."

She smiled with the faintest suspicion of incredulity.

"I know what you are thinking," he said; "that I am too neat and tidy—to tamper with anything to do anything in the face of the natives. That my boots are too narrow in the toe, my hair too short, and my face too clean. I cannot help it. It is a matter of principle."

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